

## **Singing Will To Sleep by demolitionbucky**

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**Summary:**

A few years after Will Byers endured the darkness from the Upside Down, dark feelings resurface and afflict Will. Mike notices Will's pain and helps him through it, but also begins to feel something different towards his friend.

# Singing Will To Sleep

## Author's Note:

\*\*\*TRIGGERS: aspects of depression, mention of suicide\*\*\*

Mike noticed the change in Will before anyone else did. He even knew that this monster fighting Will wasn't supernatural—it was Will's own mind. Will's own mind began tearing his friend apart, and Mike knew he had to do something before his friend slipped away from him again.

To others, Will's quietness was normal: something everyone saw and just skipped over. As most teenagers are busy smothering themselves in their own angst, some of the others took a while to notice that Will's sudden quietness wasn't normal. Mike knew that something was wrong. Whenever the group of friends got together to play their games, Mike noticed the wavering in Will's voice and the unfocused look in his eyes, as if Will wasn't really there. It seemed to Mike that his friend was trapped in his own head.

When Mike and Will were alone together, Mike even felt his heart drop at some of the words that spilled out of Will's mouth.

"Mike? Can I ask you something?" Will asked one cold day, voice barely above a whisper next to Mike. Will turned his head, looking over at Mike with a sadness in his eyes.

"Yeah, go for it," Mike said, offering a soft but tentative smile at his friend. He bit his lip afterwards, feeling his heart beating fast in his chest. Whatever Will was struggling with, he could feel it, too.

"Where do you think we go after our story is over?" Will asked, looking at his friend. His voice wavered, as if the urge to cry had filled his chest.

Mike felt his heart drop. He sat up in his bed, running a hand through his hair. "Well, I—with all that has happened over the couple of years, I really don't think of anything but... bad places. There's a part

of me that hopes for something better and peaceful, but I don't know if it exists. Why, Will?"

Will sat up along with his friend, lowering his head as he swallowed, searching for the right words. "I... there's another thing that I feel... I go to bed feeling it and wake up feeling it, but it's new," Will admitted, messing with one of the sleeves of his flannel shirt.

Mike moved over to wrap an arm around Will, squeezing his shoulders tightly. "Remember what I said? 'We'll go crazy together.' You can tell me anything, Will," he said, pressing himself closer to Will.

Will swallowed again, feeling a surge of fire shoot up his chest. "I-I... I wake up to the thought of wanting to leave, Mike... leave and finish my own story. I-I can't stop thinking about ending m-my..." Will said, beginning to tremble. "Life," he quickly breathed out.

Mike moved a hand up to Will's head to bring him closer to him, pressing their foreheads together. "Why do you feel that way, Will? Did something happen?"

Will trembled, nuzzling himself closer to Mike. "I... it all started recently. With all we've been through, I just... sometimes think I'm always going to be the bearer of bad luck. A burden on others. I feel like it would be easier without me here, for you guys. No more monsters..."

"Will, you aren't a monster. You're not a burden, either. I don't know why, but it seems that the best people always suffer the most," Mike said, running his hand through Will's hair, looking at him. "Without you, and your knowledge, we couldn't have defeated the darkness. You know that, right? Without you, we wouldn't even be here."

Will nodded as he was held in his friend's arms and listened. But after this cold night, Mike noticed that a distance began growing between him and Will.

After Will spilled what he thought, Will began to stop holding on.

There would be days where Will wouldn't come to school. Other says,

Will came to school with dark circles under his eyes and wet eyes. As Will continued slipping away from Mike's grasp, the winter outside continued to be as brutal as never before.

Then, Will got sick. He stayed at home all day, staring up at his ceiling, sick with fever and cough.

Will spent most of his sick days in his bedroom. He rested on his back, staring up at his ceiling. It was bare and brown. Nothing important to be seen. But as his mind wandered, he remembered that even his ceiling had been covered with a map that helped them defeat the darkness. But as he laid in bed, he felt as if the darkness was now just him.

During the cold and brutal winter, Will's friends often visited him. Dustin brought him candy to cheer him up, Lucas updated him on their clubs, and Mike often waited until everyone else left to talk with Will and constantly tell him how he wished he was better. And he often helped him with homework.

"That's enough of chemistry, right?" Mike asked one day, smiling softly at Will. He slid his book into his book bag, checking his watch. "Shit... I guess I should get home soon," he said, pausing as he stood up.

"Thank you, Mike," Will said, coughing into his sleeve. "If I weren't sick, I'd say you could stay here..."

"Wait..." Mike said, setting down his bag, walking back over to Will's bed. He sat down next to Will, biting his lip. "May I try something to make you better?"

"Um, y-yeah," Will said, nodding as he then, again, coughed into his sleeve. He looked up at his friend with glazed eyes, cheeks flushed with fever.

Mike scooted closer to Will, looking at him, causing Will to look at him with wide eyes. He placed one of his hands on top of Will's own, then leaned down to press a kiss against Will's warm forehead. "Please get better soon," he mumbled, smiling at Will before he left to go home.

As Mike rode his bike on the way home, he decided to stop at the store before heading home. In a couple of days, it would be Valentine's Day, and he thought Will would appreciate some candy and a stuffed animal, since he was sick. Or that's what his mind told him, not his heart.

Surprisingly, Mike heard the news from his mom on the morning of Valentine's Day that Will wasn't sick anymore. He rode his bike to school, hoping to see his friend, but it seemed that Will's mind wasn't letting him make it out of bed today. Instead of going to school, Mike went back home, arranged the Valentine's Day presents for Will on his bed, and then went over to Will's house, hopefully being able to get him to get out of bed.

Mike knocked on Will's front door. To his surprise, Will answered the door almost immediately.

"Mike?" Will asked, a soft smile escaping his lips. "Why aren't you at school?"

"Why aren't you?" Mike asked, stepping forward to wrap his arms tightly around Will. "I'm worried about you. Will you come hang out with me?" he asked, pulling back to look at Will.

Will bit his lip, glancing down for a moment. He didn't dare close his eyes. His mind would hurt him. "Sure, let me get a bag," Will said, looking up at Mike before heading back inside to pack a bag.

Mike waited for a couple of minutes, and then, Will and him headed back to his house.

Once Mike and Will arrived at Mike's house, Mike scoped out the place, making sure his parents were gone to work by now. Coast clear, Mike helped Will park his bike in his garage, and then, he lead Will up to his room.

"Hey, I brought a tape with me, could I share a song with you?" Will asked as they walked up the stairs to Mike's room.

"Yeah," Mike said, nodding, eyes focused on his feet traveling up the stairs. He felt his heart beating fast in his chest and the flush of his

cheeks. It was Valentine's Day. Giving presents was usually more of a thing kids or couples did. And especially, guys didn't usually give other guys Valentine's Day gifts. Mike had a feeling that as he was walking up these stairs, he realized that he saw Will as more of a friend. It broke his heart to see Will so damaged by his own mind, and Mike realized that the love he felt for Will when he was hurting was also because he wanted to hold him in his arms to soothe the pain away.

"Will, before I open my door, will you cover your eyes?" Mike asked, smiling at Will with flushed cheeks.

"Sure..." Will said, a bit hesitantly, but still trusting Mike. He covered his eyes with his hands, starting to smile due to Mike's crazy antics. "But why?" he asked, laughing softly.

Mike turned the doorknob to his room and gently grabbed Will by the hand, leading him into his room. He shut the door, still holding onto Will's hand—they've been close since childhood, so Mike didn't think it would be any different now... right? Mike assumed his feelings were one-sided. But then, his mind went back to Valentine's Day: what if Will got freaked out by the gifts? Mike quickly let go of Will's hand. "You'll know why if you open your eyes."

Will uncovered his eyes and looked around until his eyes fell upon Mike's bed. A heart-shaped box of chocolates and a red teddy bear. He immediately felt his cheeks flush as he covered his face in embarrassment. "Is that for me, Mike?" Will asked, peeking at Mike from his hands.

Shit, Mike thought. He hates it. "If you don't like it—" Mike began, biting his lip.

"No, no, I like it," Will said, looking from the bed then to Mike. He ran over to Mike and wrapped his arms around him tightly, burying his face against his chest. "But... but I have a question," Will began, pulling away to sit on Mike's bed. He bit his lip, looking at the ground. "What... what was that kiss you gave me the other day for?"

Mike felt a lump in his throat. "I... I'm not sure about how I feel about you, Will. The way I think of you and treat you... it's more

than what friends do. But I just don't know. I don't want to scare you away."

Will laughed softly, shaking his head as he felt a surge flow through his chest. Of course, his mind wanted him to cry right now. Right at this moment. "Me? You're afraid of scaring me away? Mike, I mean, look at me, I'm the queerest—"

Mike walked forward, cupping Will's face in his, looking him in the eyes. "Don't talk about yourself like that."

Will smiled shakily, tears prickling in his eyes. He removed Mike's hands from his face and held them for a moment, before placing a tape in Mike's hands. "Play this. This could help you find an answer."

Mike placed the tape in his tape player and pressed play, waiting for the song of Will's choice to play. A haunting, winter wind enveloped the room, along with a tragic piano.

"Sing me to sleep /  
Sing me to sleep /  
I'm tired and I /  
I want to go to bed /"

Mike looked over at Will, who had tears streaming down his face as he stared blankly at Mike's carpet. Mike walked over to Will and held out his hand. Shakily, Will grabbed a hold of Mike's hand.

"Sing me to sleep /, sing me to sleep /," Will softly sung along with the voice, looking at Mike with wet eyes.

Mike smiled at Will and brought up Will's hand to his mouth, placing a kiss on top of Will's hand.

"And then leave me alone /... don't try to wake in the morning cause I will be gone /," Will sung softly, covering his face with one hand, wiping at his tears.

Mike felt tears brimming in his eyes as he looked down at Will. "Not with me here. I'll never let you go, Will..."

Will stood up, wrapping his arms around Mike's neck as he looked up

at him. "It hurts... it hurts so bad, all over, too..."

Mike looked down at Will, lost in his hazel eyes. "What can I do to help you not hurt, Will?" he asked, tears streaming down his cheeks now.

Will gripped onto the fabric of Mike's shirt, burying his head against his chest.

"Sing me to sleep /  
Sing me to sleep /  
I don't want to wake up /  
On my own anymore /"

Mike wrapped his arms around Will and placed him on his bed. Nuzzling himself into Will's arms, Mike looked at Will, leaning close to him. "I'll wake up with you tomorrow if you want me to," he said.

Will leaned forward to press closer to Mike. "Please?"

Mike nodded, moving one hand up to cup Will's face. "I love you," he said, leaning forward to press a kiss against Will's lips.

Deepening the kiss, Will let his eyes fall shut. After a moment, he mumbled, "I love you, too," against Mike's lips.